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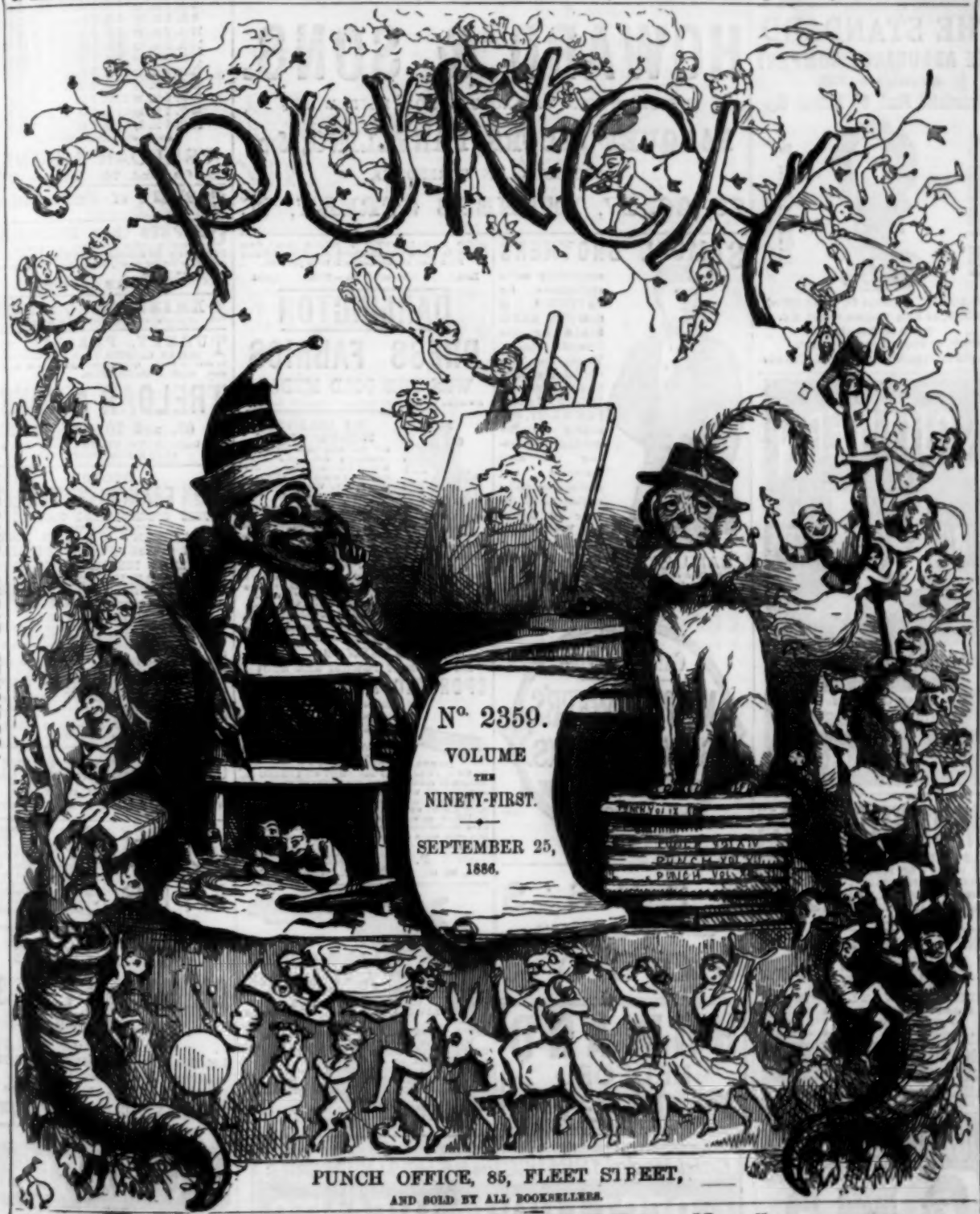

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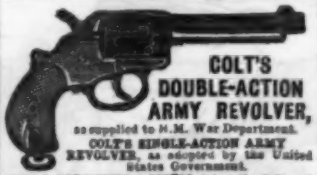

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'ARRY ON COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I'M down on my luck and no error, dear boy. Got the sack!
All along of a dashed German Sossidge, whose nut I should jest like to crack.
I got a bit bosky one night with some pals who 'ad won on a race,
The Boss tipped me the mitten next day, and young Yah-yah pops into my place.

Pooty sort of nice thing for a Briton! It 's wot I call beastly, old man.
These 'ere Germans know three or four tongues, and can live on thin swipes and cold scran;
They ain't got no more go than a hoyster, cares little for lotion and larks,
And so they sneaks into *our* slippers, the nasty mean tow-headed sharks!

I 'ate all dashed forriners, CHARLIE, I do s'elp me never, dear boy.
They 'ave gabs as we carnt understand, and play games as we cannot enjoy,
Yet they swarms over 'ere like muskeeters, French, Germans, Hightalians, and Dutch,
And they 're cuttin' us hout like Jemimer. By Jove, it 's a dollup too much!

And now there 's this 'ere 'OWARD VINCENT perposing a pooty nice game,
Wants to heducate English Commercials, as though it was *hus* was to blame.
Wy, I calls that a reglar cave in to the Yah-yah and Pollyvoo lot.
Kick 'em out, my dear boy, that 's the lay, or Old England 'll soon go to pot.

University, CHARLIE, for bagmen and shopmen and clerks and our sort?
All my eye and a bandbox, my biffin. Life *would* be a proper fine sport
If we 'ad to learn two or three languidges, grammar, and sech tommy rot,
Turn 'ermits and book-sucking sneaks, and get two quid a week for the lot!

No, CHARLIE, that may suit the Germans, the pap-blooded gruel-brained mugs,
Who crawl into our shops and our horfices, jest like the moth into rugs,
And 'edge hout us chaps with more sperrit and less forrin lingo and fat,
But it 's rather too good enough, CHARLIE, for fellers like *hus*, and that 's flat.

Wy, the Sossidge as collared my crib is a yaller-'aired mustard-chin'd chap,
Gig-lamps and a nose like a radish, grinds 'ard, never goes on the lap,
Reads SHAKESPEARE instead o'the Pink 'Un, and plays the pianner like steam;
But 'as no more ideer of a barney, dear boy, than a Teddington bream.

And this ochre-nob'd juggins from Germany comes and jumps into my shoes,
Jest because I 'm not dab at the Yah-yah, and 'appened to go on the booze.
Call *that* patriotic, my pippin? Should kick all dashed forriners out!
Or else where 's the good of the Tories, and wot *is* Lord RANDOLPH about?

I did think when the Rads was conflobbed, and that traitor, Old COLLARS, was dished,
That us Britons would look up a mossel, and do as we jolly well wished.
And now here 's that dashed 'OWARD VINCENT a-raising a doose of a fuss,
And instead of keel-hauling the furriner, putting the kibosh on *hus!*

We're out of it, CHARLIE, we English, we 're out of it, CHARLIE, all round.
Furtection 's our game, that 's a moral, I 'm Fairtrader down to the ground.
The furriner's mucking our market, and histing us out of our stools,
But we 'll give 'im what for even yet, if our Statesmen ain't thunderin' fools.

I'd tariff 'em, CHARLIE, I tell yer, I 'd tariff 'em up to their chins,
Lop-sided Free Trade is all boko, and that 's wy the Sossidges wins.
Jest keep their goods out of our markets, and keep their men out of our shops,
And then beef and beer for True Britons, and leave 'em the kickshaws and slops!

We done very well, mate, without 'em, afore we 'd Free Trade on the brain;
We done without them and their lingo—and wy carnt we do it again?
If we English ain't cocks o' the walk, if our course isn't go-as-you-please,
Wy we might jest as well chuck it up and turn Dutchmen, or Heathen Chinees.

We are ruined by forren cheap labour, cheap goods, and cheap living, dear boy,
Though *I* don't call it "living" myself. Everythink as a chap can enjoy
Young Yah-yah, as nobbled my crib, turns his pink shovel-nose up, old man.
He may live upon lager and langwidges, CHARLIE; sech isn't *my* plan.

Oh, bust it, dear boy, it 's too bad! Here 's yours truly slap down on 'is luck,
Lost a pot on Lord MUTTONHEAD'S "moral," and now I 'ave got the clean chuck,
All along of a spree and a Sossidge. If RANDOLPH can't alter this fun,
I shall turn up the Primrose, I tell yer, and say as Old England 's clean done.

As to more heducation for Britons, that 's bunkum, mere Radical bosh,
'OWARD VINCENT did ought to know better; I tell 'im his scheme will not wosh.
Them Germans stand cram like their geese, but *I*'ve landed as much as I 'll carry.
Three patters and two quid a week will not suit Yours disgustedly, ARRY.

A CORRECTION.—In our notice of *The Theatre Magazine*, two numbers ago, we mentioned an interesting article in it signed "CHARLES HERVEY" as being written by M. HERVÉ, the composer of some *Opéras Bouffes*, who within the last twenty years has paid perfidious Albion the great compliment of becoming a naturalised Englishman. This was an error on our part, as the article in question was the work of a genuine Englishman, whose reminiscences of foreign operatic history are well worth preserving.

FROM THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

MR. FITZGERALD MOLLOY, an earnest and indefatigable author of very readable books, particularly interesting to students of the History of the Drama, has written a new work entitled *Famous Plays*, of which Messrs. WARD AND DOWNEY are the publishers. By way of "puff preliminary," the author, probably advised by the "downy" member of the firm, has sent out a leaflet containing a prefatial dedication of his book to "HENRY IRVING, Esquire." He pays him the high compliment, not unmerited, of saying that "since GARRICK (why not DAVID GARRICK, Esquire) died, no player has studied more persistently, or laboured more strenuously, to elevate the Stage than you."

Admitting this, we are not unmindful of MACREADY, PHELPS, and CHARLES KEAN, Esquires.

He rightly eulogises HENRY IRVING, Esquire's, "ingenious powers" and "liberal enterprise," and adds that in consequence of his possession of those qualities, "the greatest English poet of our day has been accepted as a playwright." If Mr. MOLLOY means Lord TENNYSON, and not Mr. WILLS, it is true that his plays of *The Cup* and *Queen Mary* were "accepted" and acted. HENRY IRVING, Esquire, and Miss ELLEN TERRY, with a magnificent scene, made the success of the first; but nothing and nobody could make a success of the latter. If these, with *Becket*, the "idyllic" *Falcon*, and *The Promise of May*, which was such a hopeless "frost," entitle the Laureate to be "accepted as a playwright," then we strongly suspect that Mr. MOLLOY, with true native humour, will be saying, aside, in a stage-whisper, "Sure, I didn't say what sort of a playwright!"

Further on he tells "HENRY IRVING, Esquire" that his scholarly conceptions and powerful representations "have wrested weighed admiration from an unemotional age, and wrung [it] from an unimaginative Nation." Mr. MOLLOY is evidently poking his fun at us, and, it may be, at "HENRY IRVING, Esquire;" for how on earth can a Nation be "unimaginative" which imagines Lord TENNYSON to be a real good playwright!

"Your stage," says Mr. MOLLOY, "has become the sanctuary of Art, your theatre the home of Culture."

"Och! BLARNEY MOLLOY
Was a broth of a Boy!"

who, if he does not deserve a niche in the Temple of Fame, has at least merited a stall in the front row of "The Home of Culture;" *i.e.*, the Lyceum Theatre, Wellington Street, Strand.

Mr. Punch cordially recognises the justice of the tribute rendered to "HENRY IRVING, Esquire," but at the same time he cannot help wishing that Mr. MOLLOY had not kissed the Blarney Stone to such excellent purpose before writing this preface.

SOMETHING LIKE A TYRANT!

SCENE—*Interior of the* CZAR'S *bomb-proof Study, guarded by a small army of Horse, Foot, and Artillery. The* Emperor of RUSSIA *and his most trusted* Aide-de-Camp *discovered conversing in whispers.*

Czar. So at my contemptuous nod the heroic ALEXANDER of Battenberg has been ignominiously driven from his Principality?

Aide. Certainly, your Majesty.

Czar. And now to arrange a matter of far greater importance. Have you lined the railroad with armed troops?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. Given them loaded rifles with fixed bayonets, ready to fire upon anyone who comes within a thousand yards of the road along which I have to travel?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. And have you got me three trains, so that by frequent changes I may baffle the conspirators?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. And are all the Stations carefully fortified, so that a surprise is impossible?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. And is the route flooded with police-spies, prepared, at the smallest sign of danger, to sound an alarm?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. And are you *quite* sure that no one is looking?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. Then I think I may venture to travel from one town in my dominions to another. [*Does so.*

MISTRESS AND MAID.

"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, JANE?"

"I 'VE BEEN TO A MEETING OF THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY, MA'AM."

"WELL, AND WHAT DID THE LADY SAY TO YOU?"

"PLEASE, MA'AM, SHE SAID I WASN'T TO GIVE YOU WARNING, AS I MEANT TO. SHE SAID I WAS TO LOOK UPON YOU AS MY THORN—AND BEAR IT!"

IMMUTABILITY.

(A LAY OF THE WAR OFFICE.)

"The War Office deliberately sets its face not merely against change, but against 'experiments pointing to change.'"—*Times.*

EXPERIMENT? Bah! that is *always* a bore.
Let us do as our ancestors have done before.
Change everywhere rules and exhibits its trophies,
Except in stability's home, the War Office.
A splendid exception, and long may it last;
Against mutability there we stand fast,
And set our stern faces throughout its whole range
Against "all experiments pointing to change."

The plaguy Inventor would all things upset
With his new-fangled notions. We burke them, you bet.
You can't jog along unexcited and bland
With confounded experiments always on hand.
A gun is a gun, and a fort is a fort;
And we cannot be ever the patentee's sport.
So we make up our minds—who considers it strange?—
Against "all experiments pointing to change."

The Ordnance Department would go off its head
If it listened to all that the Services said;
And, as to Inventors, we never should rest
Did we put all their plans to a practical test.
Our answer to them is, "Get out, and don't bother!
Until your designs have been tried by another,
This nation declares, undesirous to range,
Against 'all experiments pointing to change.'"

Our guns, it is true, may be given to burst,
But who can be cocksure that that is the worst?
Eh? *Try?* Why, that means to examine, and *think*,
An effort from which the most ardent must shrink.
No, hang it! Improvement is mostly a myth,
Whatever's admitted by WOODALL and SMITH.
From Inventors snug office your mind must estrange,
And you flout "all experiments pointing to change."

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.—On the authority of a foreign newspaper, a *lusus naturæ* was lately noted in the form of a cross between a rabbit and a cat. A similar hybrid had been observed some time since at a Swiss hotel—"a creature in colour pure white, having the head and forelegs of a cat, the hinder parts being those of a rabbit. The ears were likewise those of a rabbit." Of what length were the observers' ears?

THEATRICAL SPORT IN SEPTEMBER.

MY DEAR MR. NIBBS,—No doubt learning that you had left England for Foreign Parts for a week or ten days, and consequently (to put it colloquially), "were not looking," the Managers of two Theatres have seized the opportunity of producing a couple of plays new to a London audience. Feeling that this was not quite right, I think it my duty to report the matter to you and tell you all about them. At the Princess's *Sister Mary* is a new piece by Messrs. CLEMENT SCOTT and WILSON BARRETT, or, as the playbills have it, Messrs. WILSON BARRETT and CLEMENT SCOTT. I found it a little difficult to distinguish the handiwork of the two Authors, to recognise where CLEMENT ended and WILSON began, or what should go to SCOTT and what belonged to BARRETT, until I remembered that one of the *collaborateurs* was a gentleman of great literary ability, and in his earlier days a much-respected official at the War Office. Assisted by this clue, I came to the conclusion that the writing must be by Mr. SCOTT, and the many practical jokes with which the piece was burdened must owe their invention to Mr. BARRETT. The last Act of *Sister Mary* is intensely military, and, consequently, a test to the respective shares of its joint authors. I feel convinced that Mr. SCOTT would never allow a mistake to be made in the details of a soldier's uniform; and when I noticed that one of the reformed villains of the play wore the tunic and trousers of a Sergeant in the Line, and the white helmet of either an Artilleryman or a Royal Engineer, I was certain that I had detected the jocular hand of Mr. BARRETT. Given this piece of pleasantry as Mr. WILSON's invention, like eccentricities in the piece are also identified as his property. Thus, the quaint idea of the heroine falling in love with the hero when he is in a condition of comic intoxication, and the humorous notion of the same heroine introducing her betrothed on the morning of their wedding to his unknown and unexpected infant, no doubt are both Mr. BARRETT's facetious fancies. But putting aside these eccentricities (because the question of their appropriateness might be a matter of opinion), the play is a very good one. The acting, taken all round, is quite up to the average of a first-class London company, although the *dramatis personæ* made their initial appearance before a provincial audience. Miss MAGGIE HUNT, as the mother of the infant, plays with much earnestness; but, by her extremely attractive appearance, renders the hesitation of the hero to marry her highly improbable. Mr. LEONARD BOYNE tones down the rascality of the faithless object of two women's affections by cleverly suggesting (so it seemed to me) in the Second and Third Acts that he has not quite recovered from the intemperate habits which appeared to be habitual to him in Scene the First. Miss LINGARD also has a prominent character in the play, and exhibits her usual intensity. As some of the speeches put in this lady's mouth are rather suggestive of the leading articles of a daily paper, when I learned at the end of the last Act that the anti-blue-ribbonite hero was to marry her, I felt that poetic justice had been completely satisfied.

The piece I witnessed at the Vaudeville was called *Curiosity*, and I am glad to say it was announced for one representation only. The less that is said about it the better. When I tell you that the central idea is the endeavour of two Ladies to get rid of their bunions and "decayed molars," to quote the Author's words, unknown to their lovers, you may guess the quality of the production. Honestly I do not remember ever having seen a more disagreeable play. Even the admirable acting of Miss LARKIN could not make it tolerable. It is by a Mr. DERRICK, who has scarcely the excuse of inexperience, if (as I am given to understand is the case) *Curiosity* is his second, if not third, published attempt at writing an amusing Comedy.

I may add that I am told that *Turned Up* is a success at the Royalty, and Mrs. CONOVER quite unique as *Lady Macbeth* at the Olympic. Places should be taken in advance for the first, but no such precaution for obtaining admission is necessary at the second. Still, both, so I am informed, are highly diverting.

With greatest respect, allow me to remain, dear Mr. NIBBS,

CHARLES YOUR FRIEND.

IMPRESSIONS.

"*Artist*" (*in despair*). "CRUEL GIRL! FOR YEARS I'VE TRIED TO PHOTEROGRAPH YOUR IMAGE ON MY 'EART—AND ALL I GET IS A 'NEGATIVE'!"

MIDDAY MARAUDERS.

To the Editor of the "Daily Startler."

SIR,—I can quite confirm what your Correspondent "CRIPPLE FOR LIFE," states as to the unsafe condition of the Gray's Inn Road. Yesterday afternoon I was walking on the pavement in broad daylight, when no fewer than *sixteen hulking fellows* dashed at me from a narrow opening, where no doubt they had all been concealed! Considering their superiority in numbers, their conduct in knocking me down and then breaking five of my ribs with kicks, before taking my watch and purse, was singularly unjustifiable. They might have proceeded with much less energy and precipitancy, especially as—a fact which I afterwards discovered—there did not appear to be a policeman anywhere nearer than King's Cross! I think Sir CHARLES WARREN should do something really handsome for

Yours obediently,

Middlesex Hospital. MUCH SHAKEN.

SIR,—Being obliged by my business often to make use of the Gray's Inn Road, I am surprised at the assertions of "CRIPPLE FOR LIFE" in your late issue. I consider it a *most safe and delightful thoroughfare*. I wish I could say the same for some parts of the Strand. Having been several times knocked into the gutter, and then robbed of every farthing I carried with me, I have lately adopted the following plan whenever I have had reason to walk from Somerset House to Charing Cross. First securing my watch in my pocket by means of a stout galvanised iron cable, which completely encircles my neck and waist, and terminates in a couple of anchors embedded in my two trousers-pockets, I proceed to connect this cable with a rather powerful dynamo concealed up my back. Well, Sir, only two days ago my contrivance was put to the test by the Strand thieves. Two men—whose appearance was most forbidding, and whose mere presence in such a thoroughfare ought to have attracted the attention of every constable in the neighbourhood—approached me, and asked me what the time was? At the same moment three others, coming from another direction, requested me to supply them with a match! I was surrounded, and the next thing was that I felt a strong grab made at my watch-chain. I was delighted to see that the thief was instantly floored by the electric current. By this time, however, I myself was on my back, having been felled by some blunt instrument, and one of the men, by an adroit kick, managed to smash my concealed dynamo! I am afraid the ruffian had warning of my plan, or else must have been a disguised electrician of more than ordinary acumen. Under these circumstances, I was easily relieved of my watch, chain, purse, and boots, and left insensible on the wood pavement. When I came to my senses, I found myself in a cell at the Police Station, whither I had been taken as being "drunk and incapable"! I remained there all night! What, Sir, I ask indignantly, is Sir CHARLES WARREN doing? Yours, &c., LONDON TRADESMAN.

SIR,—I have carried on business for some years in the Strand (as an importer of genuine high-class foreign wines at the low price of sixteen-and-sixpence a dozen), and cannot understand the complaints made as to its insecurity.

Now there *is* a thoroughfare near here, which is so terribly dangerous and unprotected, that I should certainly advise no one to venture into it. I allude to St. Martin's Lane, a street in which, I regret to say, a low rival of my own has established himself, who has the assurance to offer what he calls wine at thirteen shillings a dozen! Only a few nights ago my wife and a female cousin were walking along the pavement. It was quite dark, though not very late. Perhaps it was a little imprudent for them to be examining the contents of their purses under a gas-lamp at such an hour, but—would you believe it?—a man walked up and coolly snatched my wife's purse from her hand! Another at the same moment decamped with the small bag which my cousin carried. A little boy, who was standing by, and who was appealed to to follow the ruffians, only exclaimed, "What a lark!" Worse than that, when my wife spoke to a policeman, who was chatting with a comrade at the far end of the street, he seemed annoyed at being disturbed, and actually threatened to take them both into custody for causing an obstruction in the street! And yet this is called the safest capital in Europe!

Yours remonstratingly,

September 20th. A WRATHFUL RATEPAYER.

FIRST-CLASS UNDERGROUND STUDY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886, 10·30 P.M.

[Our Artist vouches that the Sketch is—as he himself nearly was—"taken from life," and thinks that, *if* this happens every evening, life at night on the "Underground," between South Kensington and Addison Road, must be unpleasantly lively!]

A WATER COURSE.

VII.

The Colonel at our Table.

THE life and soul, or, at least, as the excellent SAMBORNIUS hath it, "one of the lifes and souls," of our breakfast-table is the Colonel. He is a remarkable man, certainly over forty, slightly bald, clean shaved, except for a moustache tinged with grey, tallish, stoutish, attired in an easy-going flannel costume, seldom quiet for a moment, and full of schemes and plans for passing the day. He has been here barely four days, and he knows more about the capabilities of Royat as a place of amusement, than its oldest and most influential inhabitant. He has travelled all over the world, and made himself at home everywhere and in every language.

His nationality, I believe, is Dutch; he speaks German thoroughly, French well, English fluently, having, as I understand, obtained his military rank in the American army. He possesses a smattering of Italian, in which country he met a young English lady, who having made a successful *début* on the operatic stage, consented to become his wife on condition that she should not abandon her profession for at least five years. As her engagements soon compelled her to travel all over Europe and America, nothing could have better suited the Colonel's roving taste: but besides this, he was devoted to music, for which he possesses a quick but inaccurate ear, and a memory wherein is stored up any amount of plots of Operas, their titles, the names of their composers, of the singers, and the points of the leading dramatic situations,—only all so mixed up that, when he wants any one scene, air, name, or situation in particular, he has to rummage about in his memory-box, whence he produces a medley, from which, after a considerable time spent in sorting, he extracts the required material, whatever it may happen to be.

With a special liking for artistes and artistic life, he has dabbled in journalism, and has on two or three occasions acted, in an amateur way, as "Our Own Correspondent Abroad." Nothing gives him so much pleasure as composing newspaper paragraphs, except subsequently seeing his compositions in print, when he is in a state of the most gleeful excitement. These paragraphs are a matter of considerable expense to him, as on the appearance of any one of them he at only purchases an extensive number of copies, which he posts to friends all over the world.

He is already on the friendliest terms with the journalists of Royat, and on the second morning of our arrival he comes into breakfast flourishing one of the local papers, and exclaiming, "Look! see! what tey say in ter paper," and then he reads out a flaming paragraph, in which after introducing all our names among the "distinguished arrivals," a graceful compliment is paid to the eminent Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENEY, on his great wisdom in selecting Royat, above all other *Stations Thermales*, for the sojourn of his patients.

"Who on earth put this in?" I ask, innocently.

The Colonel chuckles with delight, but shrugs his shoulders and professes to be absolutely ignorant on the subject. As, however, his thorough acquaintance with phrases in the paragraphs is remarkable, and as he knows so precisely where to put his finger on the passages which, as he considers, constitute the beauty of the work, I cannot help expressing my opinion that their inspirer, if not their actual author, is not two hundred yards from our breakfast-table.

"Ah!" cries the Colonel, in a perfect ecstasy of shrugs and winks fraught with unutterable meaning, "I cannot tell! I do not ask. But tey get tese things in somehow. See!" he cries out to his wife, who just then enters the room, "See, my dear, what they say about you! It is nice! Very nice! I must send it to some friends."

Though his English is generally delivered with only the slightest possible accent, our "th," being an occasional difficulty, yet on the whole there are peculiarities of manner, intonation and emphasis, which are evidence of his foreign origin.

Then the Colonel has a few more papers to show, journals from other localities, with longer accounts of Madame ROSETTA's (her professional name) triumphant career, and a sonnet addressed to her, not only as a genuine tribute of admiration for her talents, but even more for the use to which she so frequently puts them, singing for local charities which benefit largely by her unvarying good-nature. The Colonel is radiant, as he draws our attention to the first verse:—

> "Quand vous chantez, Madame, on accourt, on s'empresse,
> Fût-ce même à l'église, on vous aime, on vous suit,
> Vous forcez le sceptique à se rendre à la messe,
> A défaut de la foi, le charme l'y conduit."

"*Regardez!* the heading!" says the Colonel, and then we notice that most of this information contained in the journal of another water-cure place not Royat, comes under the title of "*Le High-Life.*" But this is of the past, and just now the Colonel's chief delight is in our own local paper, where the writer of the paragraph felicitating Royat on our arrival, finishes with "*Et remercions encore une fois,*"—"You see, tey've done it before," says the Colonel, who, in the exuberance of his enjoyment, is nodding and winking at everybody round the table and at friends seated at a distance, for whose benefit he waves aloft the journal and goes through a variety of pantomimic action—"*le Docteur Hammond Putteney de nous avoir amené de si charmants clients,*"—the "*charmants clients*" are Cousin JANE, Mrs. DINDERLIN, the American lady (also under Cherubic care) and myself, who have all of us arrived within the last week. It is a great morning for the Colonel.

He professes extreme devotion to the fair sex, which he expresses in phrases and in action—specially in action—of a most exaggerated character. On the entrance of the ladies of our party into the *salle-à-manger*, he rises from his seat, bows at an angle of ninety, places his hand on his heart, at the same time shaking his head, as if disavowing all individual importance on his own account, and in a general way going through the sort of performance to which HARRY PAYNE, at Christmas-time, is accustomed to treat us in the comic Bed-room Scene, when exhibiting the effect of a suddenly-conceived passion for a truculent-looking landlady in long black corkscrew curls, whom, so fickle is man's attachment, he will, within the next two minutes, send flying out of the room with a few delicate strokes from the warming-pan; though, of course, this particular portion of the entertainment does not form part of the Colonel's programme.

To Cousin JANE—who has led a country life, and whose knowledge of pantomimic politeness is not extensive—the Colonel's movements, performed with the utmost gravity, are at first considerably embarrassing. But she sets it down to foreign manners, and accepts his homage with an air of serious courtesy that would do honour to the most stately Duchess. Mrs. TOFFAM, the American lady, puts out her hand, which he immediately kisses in the most respectful manner possible. At this she looks across at Madame, as if expecting some interference from her, which, however, Madame being perfectly accustomed to these eccentricities on her husband's part, only occurs when the Colonel's humour is of a more exuberantly rollicking character than usual, when she says, in a warning tone, and equally emphasising both syllables, "AL—FRED!" whereupon he immediately abbreviates the performance, whatever it may happen to be at the moment, and, coming round to his wife's chair, insists upon taking her hand, and kissing it in the most respectful, and at the same time the most profoundly apologetic manner; then, after Madame has given him a playful tap on the head with her fan, saying, "ALFRED, you are a great big boy—do sit down, and behave yourself properly," he returns to his seat, and for a short time, during which he employs himself with his breakfast, he is comparatively quiet.

He has a quick eye for ladies' costume.

"Ah, permit me to say it—you do not mind?"—he says, addressing Mrs. TOFFAM, "but what a beautiful lace you have!"

"You think so," returns Mrs. TOFFAM, pleased.

"It is—is it not, my dear?"—this to his wife, who also expresses her admiration of it, and smiles on Mrs. TOFFAM. "It ees pretty! But—you permit me?—you do not mind?"——

"No, certainly not—what is it?" asks Mrs. TOFFAM.

"Well—I notice you have always a lit-tel pin sticking out where it should not—permit me——"

And then he suggests to Mrs. Toffam first, and afterwards to the other ladies, such improvements as would revolutionise their entire costume. He directs their attention, too, to the visitors.

"That one is new—she has just arrived yesterday. She is an Actress at the Gymnase. That lady there, with the grey hair, is her mother—How do you do, Madame?" He rises, and bows to her across three or four tables, causing every one to turn in that direction, which confuses the unfortunate Madame Chose considerably. But this is of no consequence to the Colonel, who has discovered other celebrities, whom he is now pointing out to us. "That old man there, *décoré*, like Napoleon Third, he is a rich banker; that is his daughter, the Countess—I forget her name. How do you do, both?—and those who are just taking their seats are a Spanish family. There is a Prince somewhere—of Portugal—but he breakfasts in his apartment—ah! look at that little fat man with moustache and green riband—he is his secretary"—he salutes him with a friendly nod.

"Ah, I must not forget my family! I must feed my family!" cries the volatile Colonel. Cousin Jane who doats on children, looks immensely pleased, expecting to welcome the Colonel's children.

Madame observes this, and smilingly explains, "Alfred is so silly. You see that box?" the Colonel is now putting bread and bits of meat, and vegetables into a small silver box, on the table by his plate. We reply that we do see that box, and I remark that I had thought it was a snuff-box, which amuses the Colonel immensely. "Well," continues Madame, "that carries the food for his 'family,' as he calls it. His 'family' consists of his Parrot Lili, and his little dog Mimi, which he carries about with him everywhere."

"I'm not an Eton Boy."

"There!" says the Colonel, "there is the family's breakfast, and ah!"—he cannot be quiet for a second, but as he turns round, he sees a bright-looking little French boy, in very wide collars, who has paused in his walk up the room to where his parents are breakfasting, in order to watch the Colonel filling the box. "Ah! here is a dear little Eton boy!" Any small boy less like an Etonian I never saw. "How are you, my little Eton boy?" says the Colonel, assuming an expression of fatherly benevolence. "How are you; and tell me which beat this year, was it Harrow or Eton?"

For a second the little boy is quite taken a-back.

"Alfred!" remonstrates Madame, sympathising with the situation of the little French boy, and fearing lest his father and mother, who are a few tables off watching the proceedings, should rise up in wrath, and object to the Colonel taking such an unwarrantable liberty with their offspring.

"Ah! The dear little Eton boy, he does not unterstant! He does not know what 'Eton boy' means, eh, *mon petit?*"

But the *petit* having quite recovered himself, replies briskly and with complete self-possession, "Yes, I do. I 'm not an Eton boy. I 'm not old enough to go to Eton yet. Eton beat Harrow this year. Were you at Eton?"

"No, I was not," answers the Colonel, for once utterly taken a-back and striking his flag before the little gun-boat.

"I thought not," the sharp little chap continues, speaking English perfectly, "because you would have known that Eton boys don't dress like this. This is French, not English style. I must go to breakfast. My papa is there. Good morning." With perfect manners, he salutes our party collectively, and leaves the Colonel utterly discomfited.

"That will teach you, Alfred, not to be always chaffing everybody as you do," says Madame. "It is the biter bit;" and we rise and leave, for once, without the Colonel's usual pantomimic performance of bowing to the ladies, fetching their sunshades, and kissing the tips of their fingers as they retire from the scene. The interview with the little Eton boy, who delivered his sentences as if he were repeating off by heart an Ollendorffian exercise, has made him thoughtful, and, with his silver box in his hand, he disappears, to solace himself by feeding his family, and having an interview with the parrot, who will cheer him up by joining in the air of "*Coming Through the Rye*," of which the Colonel sings the five first words, and the parrot the last one. "If a body meet a——" sings the Colonel. "Body," sings the parrot, through his beak. "Coming through the——" sings the Colonel. "Rye!" sings the parrot,—and so on until the verse is concluded, when the bird, having sung for his breakfast, duly receives it.

Within ten days the Colonel knows everybody in the Hotel. At the end of the first week he has got up a dance, which is patronised by Dr. Rem, without whose presence, as imparting a sort of benison on a form of entertainment that is certainly not included in the ordinary *traitement*, the patients, when indulging in the delightful dance and the dangerous draught afterwards, might feel somewhat guilty. The Colonel, on this occasion as self-appointed Master of the Ceremonies, is all in his glory; and those ladies who have brought ball-dresses are so grateful to him for giving them a chance of wearing them, that the next day a petticoated deputation formally thanks him on the roof—everything takes place on the roof—for his exertions on their behalf, and he is thenceforward the most popular man in the five hotels. Afterwards, when, somehow or other, in the local journal there appears an account of the "*soirée dansante*"—"*exquise*"—"*ravissante*"—with a full description of Madame Rosetta's charming costume, and so forth, the Colonel, who, like the immortal *Mr. Crummles*, "cannot imagine how these things get into the papers," is radiant, and spends his entire afternoon in sending copies to his friends.

The Colonel keeping the Ball a-rolling.

Cousin Jane and myself only literally "look in" at this gay affair, which begins at an hour that we religiously consecrate to retiring to rest. "What is the use," says Cousin Jane, very sensibly, "of being here for health, and then sitting up and going to parties, and taking supper, just as if we were in London for the Season?"

I quite agree with her. She is absolutely right. "Besides," I add, "I haven't brought any evening dress with me."

"And," says Jane, as she takes her candle, and opens her door, "I haven't got anything I could go in. *I wish I had.* Good night."

TRUE LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

In the *Times'* Foreign Correspondence last Friday, we read:—

"M. de Mortillet, well known for his researches on primitive man, and Radical Deputy of Seine-et-Oise, is one of the school of despotic Republicans. As mayor of St. Germain he has decreed that all the municipal officials shall send their children to the municipal schools on pain of dismissal. He is so convinced of the excellence of secular education, that he will not allow the parents under his rule the option of preferring Catholic schools. But what an outcry he would have raised had a Reactionary mayor required children to be sent to the Catholic schools."

The French Socialistic Communist in supreme command is only a despotic Louis the Fourteenth masquerading in a Republican blouse. Were the Rev. Mr. Kerr and the Scottish Protestant Alliance in his department, M. de Mortillet would exterminate the lot of them, much as the Grand Monarque dragonnaded the Huguenots, whose sole crime was their daring to hold an opinion different from his own.

The active spirit of bigotry and fanaticism is exactly the same everywhere, and in every age, whether the possessors of power be Pagan, Papist, Protestant, Communist, Agnostic or Atheist.

And it is for such courtesies as these, forsooth, that Leo the Thirteenth bows so politely, and yields, or seems to yield, to French arrogance in China. "It is like their cheek" to demand any consideration from the Pope, and the latter would be keeping literally to the Christian precept if he presented them with his own cheek, and proceeded in China without considering such exemplary French Christians as are represented by the narrow-minded bigot of the name of Mortillet. Through such friends as M. de Mortillet the Republican cause is "mortally" injured.

A Revelation.—General Brine—a name more suggestive of an Old Salt than a military man—wrote from the Athenæum Club last week to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, informing that journal that "with his experience he could write columns"—as a General he is accustomed to forming columns—"on the doings of the London police and chuckers-out." Here 's a nice member of the respectable Athenæum Club, the resting-place of the highest Ecclesiastics, Chancellors, Judges, and the elderly professors of Science, Literature, and Art! *Ex uno disce omnes.* Are they all, in a general way, like General Brine? Is it possible that they are still such "sad pickles"?

At the Théâtre Français, *Hamlet*, as translated by MM. Dumas and Meurice, is announced as "to be given shortly,"—though "shortly" is not exactly the expression, seeing that they intend doing it with all the changes of scene, just as Shakespeare wrote it. At least so 'tis said; and so probably it is not true. Change of scene in sight of the audience is a novelty for the Français. They should send for Augustus Druriolanus.

"O TEMPORA! O MORES!" BUT VERY JOLLY, AFTER ALL!

BELLEROPHON JUNIOR;

Or, The "Minute" and the Man.

AH! this will fetch them. There 's nothing like attitude!
Pose made the fortune of PHIDIAS—and SKELT.
This will move Radical papers to gratitude,
This will make rigid Economists melt.
Bless you, you've only this *rôle* to assume
To witch the disciples of RYLANDS or HUME.

Flatter myself I could do the whole lot of them,
Theseus the mighty, or Perseus the brave,
Even Apollo the splendidest pot of them;
Equal, as hero, to smite or to save.
Ah! at a crisis Inquiry 's the plan;
Here is the "Minute," and I am the Man.

Minotaur, Python, Chimæra, what matters it?
Monsters of all sorts I 'm game to assault;
Whate'er the Bogey my bravery batters it,
Heroes of all work are never at fault.
But for the moment, with Argiphont art,
I am for playing Bellerophon's part.

Triple-faced monster this modern Chimæra is;
Vile and voracious—at least so they say.
This of *inquisitive* heroes the era is,
So, do you see, I 'll Inquire ere I slay.
Maybe the Hydra need not have been slain
Had Hercules given him time to explain.

Yes, those old heroes were shockingly summary.
Awful tales told of this three-headed brute;
Dare say a deal of them falsehood and flummery,
How much Commission alone can compute.
Meanwhile I show I 'm quite ready to cope
With frightfullest Ogre e'er pictured by HOPE.

Pst! Gee-up, Pegasus! Interrogation is
Harmless enough, but, at least for awhile,
Seeing how stirred and suspicious the Nation is,
"Stand and deliver!" must speak in my style.
Attitude 's all in the demigod line.
What do you think, gentle Public, of *mine?*

"PUT IT DOWN A 'WE'!"

SOME classical pedant is said to have found out—how the dickens did he do it?—that the Latin *v* should have the sound of *w*. Shade of *Weller Senior*, what next? Fancy great CÆSAR credited with uttering what SHAKSPEARE calls his thrasonical boast in the form of "*Weni, widi, wici!*" Or a punctilious Penny Reading Spouter having to declaim about WIRGINIUS! No, no; this wile innovation must be met with a werry wigorous, wehement, and uniwersal protest.

HOW IT WAS SETTLED.

SAYS JOSEPH to JESSE, "Now, what shall we do?"
Says JESSE to JOSEPH, "I'll leave that to you."
Says JOSEPH to JESSE, "'Tis true—*now* at least—
That wise men don't come from, but go to the [East."
Says JESSE to JOSEPH, "In that case of course,
The Orient now is *our* only resource."
Says JOSEPH to JESSE, "Our cause it may gravel
To talk much at present, and so let us travel."
Says JESSE to JOSEPH, "Precisely. Ahem!
You are taking a tip from our dear G.O.M."
Says JOSEPH to JESSE, "Well, well, that may be,
But *we've taken a good bit besides*, don't you [see!"
Says JESSE to JOSEPH, "All right! I'll go pack.
Many things, JOE, may happen before we come back!"

PTOMAINE AND TYROTOXICON.

Groan by a Gourmet.

GOOD gracious me! Life daily grows
More full of fears, more thick with woes.
Doctors and analysts conspire
To kill enjoyment, slay desire.
Time was when, though of course we knew
Life, like Fate's shuttle, swiftly flew,
And that we all were wicked sinners,
We did at least enjoy our dinners.
But, thanks to ye, that time is gone,
Ptomaine and *Tyrotoxicon!*

These are new poisons, we are told,
(Were there not plenty of the old?)
Developed, none can tell us why,
In cheese that 's old or game that 's high.
Horror! Not eat ripe cheese? Absurd!
Avoid the well-hung hare or bird?
It was the *gourmet's* greatest joy;
Such dainties charmed and did not cloy.
But now our thoughts are fixed upon
Ptomaine and *Tyrotoxicon!*

Confound their new and crackjaw terms!
Bacilli and such beastly germs
Were bad enough, but as for these,
Which poison game and spoil old cheese,
And even herd in milk and cream,
They're fiendish. Life 's a frightful dream.
Of living what can be the good,
If poison lurks in daintiest food?
Ye've paled the only light that shone,
Ptomaine and *Tyrotoxicon!*

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says that she likes to see so many people on the Thames going about in "Golonders," as it reminds her of Venice.

MOTTO FOR ADMIRALTY.—"Unready, aye, Unready!"

BELLEROPHON JUNIOR.

"I THINK THIS LL FETCH 'EM!!"

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer states to the Board that Her Majesty's advisers desire to satisfy themselves that the clerical establishments of the Civil Service, of the Naval and Military Departments, and also of the Revenue Departments, are organised generally upon a principle which secures efficiency without undue cost to the public."—*Treasury Minute*, Sept. 14.

A RECOMMENDATION.

Dealer (pointing out beauties of a vicious-looking animal, with ears back and hind leg suspiciously lifted). "THERE, SIR! HE'S A BEAUTY! NOT ANOTHER TO TOUCH HIM! YOU JUST RIDE HIM ONCE, AN' YOU'LL NEVER RIDE ANOTHER."

[Little Tipkins, who is very nervous, thinks this is uncommonly likely, from the look of him.

IN PREPARATION.

IN anticipation of the conclusion of Her Majesty's year of jubilee, already several festive and other celebrations to do honour to the occasion are said to be in course of preparation. Among these the following, to which rumour assigns a good authority, may be regarded as the most authentic:—

Grand Dinner given by the Cabinet, at the Holborn Restaurant, to the representatives of the Irish Dynamite Party, who will come over from America, by special invitation, for the purpose of attending it.

Reconciliation Festival, at the South Kensington Station, between the Chairman and Directors of the Metropolitan and District Railways respectively, to celebrate the permission to be given to intending passengers to book to any Station they please, without being torn to pieces by the rival touters of each Company.

Inauguration of the proceedings of the Spending Departments' Commission, during which the three Departments will, in a given time, spend as much as they possibly can, amid the general rejoicing of over-paid heads and superfluous subordinates.

Practical and experimental Fête given in honour of the Gun Ring at Woolwich, in the course of which the Officials of the Ordnance Board will plan, construct, turn out, and ultimately themselves fire and blow up in their midst one of their own guns with the usual results.

Grand Highland Festival at Balmoral, in the course of which Prince HENRY of Battenberg will make his first public appearance in the kilt, go through a bit of the sword-dance, and play the treble part of "*Scots wha hae*" on the bagpipes at a Gillies' ball.

Meeting to take into consideration, in the interests of the Licensed Victuallers, the holding at South Kensington next year of an exhibition of alcoholic products, to be called, under the presidency of Mr. SOMERS VINE, "The Drinkeries."

Scheme for starting a New Royal National and Popular Academy at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, to which the admission, including omnibus fare and a catalogue, will be fourpence, and at which Mr. HOLMAN HUNT will take the money and umbrellas at the doors.

Publication by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, on his return from the Continent, of a neat volume of his "impressions," which is to appear under the title of *Jottings by Joe*, and be embellished by notes of a friendly detective in five different languages, and dedicated to what remains of the Liberal-Unionist Party.

Grand financial sacrificial monument on the part of the General Omnibus and Road Car Companies, who simultaneously further reduce their fares to anywhere, inside or out, to the uniform charge of one halfpenny.

"WHEN THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW."

THE published report of the recent visit paid by the Lords of the Admiralty to Portsmouth, states that after starting in their Yacht the *Enchantress*, from the Nore, (nasty place, by the way, to start from), their Lordships encountered for the first four hours of the voyage, "very rough weather," seas continually breaking over the ship. Anybody who knows how disagreeable an experience of even two hours between Dover and Calais may prove, will appreciate the position of their Lordships, who, notwithstanding all their naval prestige, must have turned into their berths in as wretched a plight for the nonce as the veriest landlubbers. Indeed that they suffered severely the sequel clearly demonstrates, inasmuch as though a three days' programme had been drawn up, it is stated that their "Lordships intimated that, *owing to the pressure of Parliamentary business*, it might be necessary for them to return suddenly to town," after attending a local ball.

As no further orders were given to the *Enchantress*, which, whatever her capabilities to charm may be, appears to have entirely failed in holding her Masters spell-bound, it is to be presumed that their Lordships backed gracefully out of the proceedings, and got quietly back to Westminster by rail as soon as possible. It is to be noted that the only true salt among them, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, was not of the party, which perhaps may account for the evident readiness with which the sea-going portion of the programme was so hastily, but decidedly, abandoned. It is to be presumed that by this time the *Enchantress* has crept stealthily back to her moorings at Gravesend.

"TEACH YEER GRAN'MITHER," &c.

Englishman (to Highland Friend, who is on a visit South, and "fir-rst acquaint" with Asparagus). "MAC! MAC!"—*(in a whisper)*—"YOU 'RE EATING IT AT THE WRONG END!"

Mac (who is not for learning anything from a "gowk of a Saxon"). "AH, BUT YE DINNA KEN, MAN, AH PE-RUFFUR-E-E'T!!"

THE "VOLTA."

NEW NAUTICAL SONG.

[The *Volta*, a launch driven by Electricity, has just successfully crossed the Channel.]

OH, she is a gallant boat.
Sing a dy-na-mo!
Quite the rummiest craft afloat,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
She is strong as is the eagle,
And as swift as any beagle,
And the foe she will inveigle,
Sing a dy-na-mo!

And she made the Channel trip,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
Just like any other ship,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
And she makes no noise when going,
With no steam nor sail nor rowing,
And but little of her showing,
Sing a dy-na-mo!

She can go across the sea,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
Worked by Electricitee,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
And they say she 's a first-rater,
Though I can't explain the natur,
Of that there accumulator;
Sing a dy-na-mo!

Though our guns may all be bad,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
There is comfort to be had,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
In this here electric notion,
Which can cause so much commotion
'Mid our foes upon the ocean,
Sing a dy-na-mo!

SOMETHING LIKE A GOVERNMENT ORGAN.

WE understand that, encouraged by the appreciative welcome extended to the *Board of Trade Journal*, the Government has it in contemplation to embark on other journalistic enterprises. We have been favoured with a sight of the (provisional) prospectus of an illustrated weekly, entitled

"DOWB,"

A LITERARY AND PICTORIAL CHRONICLE FOR THE SERVICES.

(MOTTO—"Service is no Inheritance."—*Popular Proverb.*)

As befits its less austerely accurate objects, and its more romantic range of subjects, *Dowb* will aim at a more popular, not to say sensational, tone than suits the severely statistical columns of the *Board of Trade Journal*.

Fiction—very bold Fiction—and Art—exceedingly subtle Art—will lend their genial attractions to its pages.

A most exciting Romance, entitled

BURST GUNS AND BENT BAYONETS;

Or, How we Smashed Up the British Empire,

will commence in the First Number. This thrilling story, teeming with scenes of sensational horror, piteous pathos, roaring fun, and rollicking rascality, will be the work of "Two Friends," one high in official rank, the other a Colossus in the world of Contractors. It will be founded on facts (which no Commission of Inquiry has yet succeeded in eliciting), and will indeed partake of that autobiographic character which lends such a charm of Le-Sage-like and Zolaesque realism to romantic narrative.

It will be copiously and poignantly illustrated by a new Artist, who will be found to combine the wild invention of DORÉ, the grim realism of CRUIKSHANK, the dash of CATON WOODVILLE, and the delicacy of HORSLEY.

With the first number will be presented a truly agonisingly impressive picture by this Artist, printed separately on plate paper, 40 in. × 25 in., and suitable for framing and for hanging in a military gentleman's official sanctum or in a successful contractor's sleeping apartment.

This startling design illustrates a salient incident in the story. It is entitled:— "SOLD, BY ——!!!"

It represents most realistically the death struggle and the indignant agonising dying expression of a dashing young soldier, first in the breach against tremendous odds, whose bayonet "buckles up" against the thick linen swathing of a colossal savage whom he is heroically charging, and whose rudely-shapen but razor-keen blade buries itself in the young hero's undefended brow.

It is confidently expected that this story and its illustrations will create

A GREAT SENSATION!!!

Other attractions will appear in early numbers, *e.g.*:—A series of humorous Articles, entitled, "PERKS AND PERILS," the first of which, "How I Gained—and Lost—my Carriage and Pair," by an ex-Official, will be given in the second number of *Dowb*.

"The Mysterious Rouleaux; a Romance of the Red Tape Office." By a Contractor's Confidential Clerk.

"The Missing Million, and what became of it; a Secret of the Rule-of-Thumb Department." By an Accountant.

"Men who have Risen, and how they Rose." By "RISUM TENEATIS."

"In the Wrong Box; a Story of a Letter that went astray."

Nor will subjects of a more solid nature be neglected. A Treatise on the properties and right application of Palm-Oil will excite much interest in many quarters. "The Art of Cutting Down and Up" will be dealt with in detail by a competent hand. "On the Construction and Conduct of Commissions of Inquiry" will prove an eye-opener to many. "Extracts from the Diary of a Government Inspector" (dates omitted, and names left blank) will prove extremely piquant reading. A mock-heroic poem, "Adventures in Search of a Clerical Error," facetiously illustrated, will run through the Muses' Department of *Dowb* for some weeks to come.

Also a highly amusing set of articles entitled, "Trials and Tests; or Practical Jokes, and How to play them upon the Public with impunity." These papers, strongly commended to the consideration both of manufacturers and cynical humorists, will be found at once useful and mirth provoking.

Answers to Correspondents do *not* form a portion of the plan of this Journal. The inquisitive and sceptical spirit so deplorably characteristic of the age will be discouraged in every possible way by *Dowb*.

ASK FOR "DOWB."—The New Illustrated Official Oracle. Published Every Friday. Price Sixpence!

The Projectors of *Dowb* evidently anticipate that it will attract attention.

Mr. Punch has no doubt that it will do so. *His* eye at least will be on it. He will, in fact, "take care of *Dowb*," in a fashion peculiarly his own.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 41.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

[We have all noticed the Walking Encyclopedias in the London Streets. *Mr. Punch* would like to see them in the Lobby of the House of Commons, and by that system the time of the Ministers saved.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Sept. 13.—Very small attendance, but those present pretty lively. Ministers mustered in large numbers. Front Opposition Bench empty save for occasional visit from JOHN MORLEY and MARJORIBANKS. Dissentient Liberals mostly gone away for holiday, in anticipation of difficulties that might arise on PARNELL's Bill. The Sage of Queen Anne's Gate remains at his post, looking after the pence. To-night, on Vote for Woods and Forests, passionately protests against £500 a-year being paid for food for pheasants in Windsor Park. With people wanting bread, that seemed to the Sage somewhat anomalous. Greatest respect for Prince CHRISTIAN, but didn't think that Nation should be called upon to pay the expenses of his shooting. Much cheering from the Radicals, and signs of pained emotion from Hon. Gentlemen opposite. RANDOLPH endeavoured, with success, to preserve attitude of indifference. Time was——! But times are changed.

From pheasants in Windsor Park the Sage proceeded to the discussion of Lion King-at-Arms, and his cost to the country. After this, divers subjects discussed in varied mood. CONYBEARE's appearance towards midnight occasion for wild outburst. House evidently won't have CONYBEARE on any terms. "We Connybeare him," the Lord Advocate said; which shows to what depths he had been moved.

Tuesday, 12·50 A.M.—Affairs come to a dead-lock. Irish Members been talking all night. English Votes now reached. RANDOLPH, who had been in his place throughout sitting, wearily proposes to take them. Windbag SEXTON seizes opportunity of making another speech in opposing Motion. CONYBEARE moves to Report Progress. Howls and groans. JOHN MORLEY comes to aid of Government. RANDOLPH eloquently denounces Obstruction. DILLON reminds him of former achievements of his own. RANDOLPH rages. Irish Members rise one after another. JOSEPH GILLIS, in his new character of the Great Conciliator, begs gentlemen to consider the recklessness of taking important Votes at this hour.

2·5 A.M.—Committee divided on Motion to Report Progress. For progress, 54 against 150. Over two hundred gentlemen up at this hour of the morning! Soon as they came back, J. O'CONNOR moved Chairman leave the Chair. For the Motion, 55; against, 154. Five more gentlemen dug out of armchairs in recesses to come and vote.

2·30 A.M.—HUNTER moved to Report Progress. RANDOLPH showing signs of flagging, General GOLDSWORTHY leapt into breach, declared he was prepared to stop to any hour. Wild cheering from the Ministerialists. Counter-cheers of defiance from the Irish Old Guard.

TAY PAY rose to height of occasion. Flung back concession at the craven feet of the titled leader of the House. War! war!! open war!!! was what TAY PAY wanted.

"He calls for it," sneered HICKS-BEACH, "as if it were a pot of beer, and the waiter were in the room."

TAY PAY's magnificent attitude so excited CONYBEARE that at twenty minutes to Four in the morning he again appeared. Received with burst of howls and yells. Above the tumult was heard shouting

that he was "ready to sit not only for hours, but for weeks." That being so the rest of the Members decided to go home, and at a quarter to Four House adjourned.

Business done.—Scarcely any.

Tuesday Night.—Another storm to-night. TUITE at last made his speech on the Barbavilla murder. Been up whenever during the last three weeks there has been a pause in proceedings. Worked off his speech at last. House nearly empty but 150 stout Ministeralists in waiting as shown whenever division bell rang. Windbag SEXTON talking by the hour. Dr. TANNER up. MATT HARRIS down, being ordered by Chairman to resume his seat. JOEY B. in extra-judicial frame of mind counselling the Government in their dilemma, particularly appealing to HICKS-BEACH to "use his influence with his friends, so that they might proceed with the Estimates."

"Connybeare him!" (*Scotch Joke.*)

A grim joke this, after what happened last night and what was going forward to-night. JOSEPH GILLIS as sober as a Judge. Not a twinkle in his eye, not a quiver on the firm line of his lips, as he besought the belated Government to come to business. A many-sided man, JOSEPH. Found him later, sunk in deep meditation.

"Musing on the Barbavilla murder," I asked him, "or on the riots at Belfast?"

"Neither, TOBY," said the philosopher. "I was thinking of Woman, and how she is divided among the two political classes of the day. All the single women are Liberal-Unionists, and many of the married are Separatists."

I made a note of that, for JOSEPH, as everyone knows, is an authority on Woman. House scrambled on till half-past Two in the morning.

Business Done.—Few Votes in Supply.

Thursday.—House at meeting thrilled with news that GLADSTONE's coming back. Has been seen on the road making straight for Westminster. RANDOLPH so depressed by the persistence of Obstruction that there is some talk of his retiring from public life. He has threatened this before, and I doubt whether he means it now. But he certainly feels the situation acutely.

NOT UNDER PROPER CONTROL.

Lord R. Churchill Muzzling a Kerr.

"If, TOBY," he said just now, "there is one thing in Parliamentary warfare I can't abear, it's Obstruction. Go for the other side as much as you like when occasion arises; but don't interfere with the progress of public business. Motions for the Adjournment, talking against time, and the rest, I cannot away with."

It must, truly, be hard upon a sensitive mind to sit through such a night as this has been. Business proposed, pass the Votes. Last thing talked about, the Votes. PARNELL doesn't turn up, and it's said doesn't approve the proceedings. This rupture in their own ranks adds last touch of delight to the proceedings. To obstruct business and to bully Ministers when themselves united, is a very stale joy for Irish Member of any experience. But to scratch RANDOLPH's face while kicking out behind at their own Leader is bliss indeed. On the whole not an amusing business, after edge of joke of RANDOLPH lecturing obstructionists has worn off. More like a street row than the proceedings of a deliberative assembly.

Business done.—Several Votes agreed to.

Friday Morning.—Parnellites really did emit flash of humour at early hour this morning. On Wednesday morning, English Education Votes reached at One o'Clock. RANDOLPH proposed to go on with them. Irish Members objected. Blustered with indignation at notion of taking important Votes at that hour. Intention accordingly abandoned. This morning at 2·30 Votes reached again. HICKS-BEACH observed at that late hour impossible to take Votes. Parnellites more shocked than ever. What! Leave the business of the Nation at this early period of the sitting? Disgraceful! Let us do our work, and think less of our personal comfort. Astonished Ministers, fearing trap, went cautiously forward. But nothing happened except Votes were passed.

Mem. from RANDOLPH's Note-book: How to get Votes through Committee when Obstruction rampant. At One o'Clock rise and say you are fagged, Committee wearied, hour late. Very sorry, but better adjourn. Then they insist, and you give way with apparent unwillingness.

Business done.—Many Votes passed.

"And such a Horse!"

Saturday Morning.—Another late sitting with one to follow this afternoon. Votes of miscellaneous character, from Queen's College to occupation of Egypt. Interesting inquiry as to what DRUMMOND WOLFF is doing besides picnicing. £5,000 a-year voted for him. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate wants to know why? So do GEORGE CAMPBELL, JOHN DILLON, and other persons of inquisitive mind. FERGUSSON answers in oracular manner.

"Wait a bit and you'll see. WOLFF's advances secret, but sure. His picnics only a foil. Something splendid happen soon."

Minority incredulous, but opposition hopeless, and Vote agreed to.

GEORGE CAMPBELL on again about the pictures in the National Gallery. Insisted upon knowing who was "JOHN, Duke of Bedford." Then there was the VANDYCK, "a hideous repulsive picture consisting chiefly of a horse—and such a horse!" SIR GEORGE added. Not reckoned an eloquent man, but the expression of his face, when he made this remark nearly carried a majority against the Vote.

Business done.—Supply.

Tip to the English Team for Australia.

GOOD-BYE, and good luck! You don't travel to talk
Like the rambling political pump;
But we hope all the same, Sirs, that in your own walk
You may often be found "On the Stump."

BRITISH ASSOCIATION SUBJECTS.—In the list of Papers to be read at Mason College, September 7, were the following, all put down to Sir W. THOMSON, F.R.S.:—"On Stationary Waves in Flowing Water"—(nothing Irish could beat this!); "Artificial Production and Maintenance of a Standing Bore"—(evidently a "Social Science" subject); "Velocity of Advance of a Natural Bore"—(another social subject). For the sake of Society we hope they will be republished.

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LORD MAYOR of London and Albion's Druid!

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